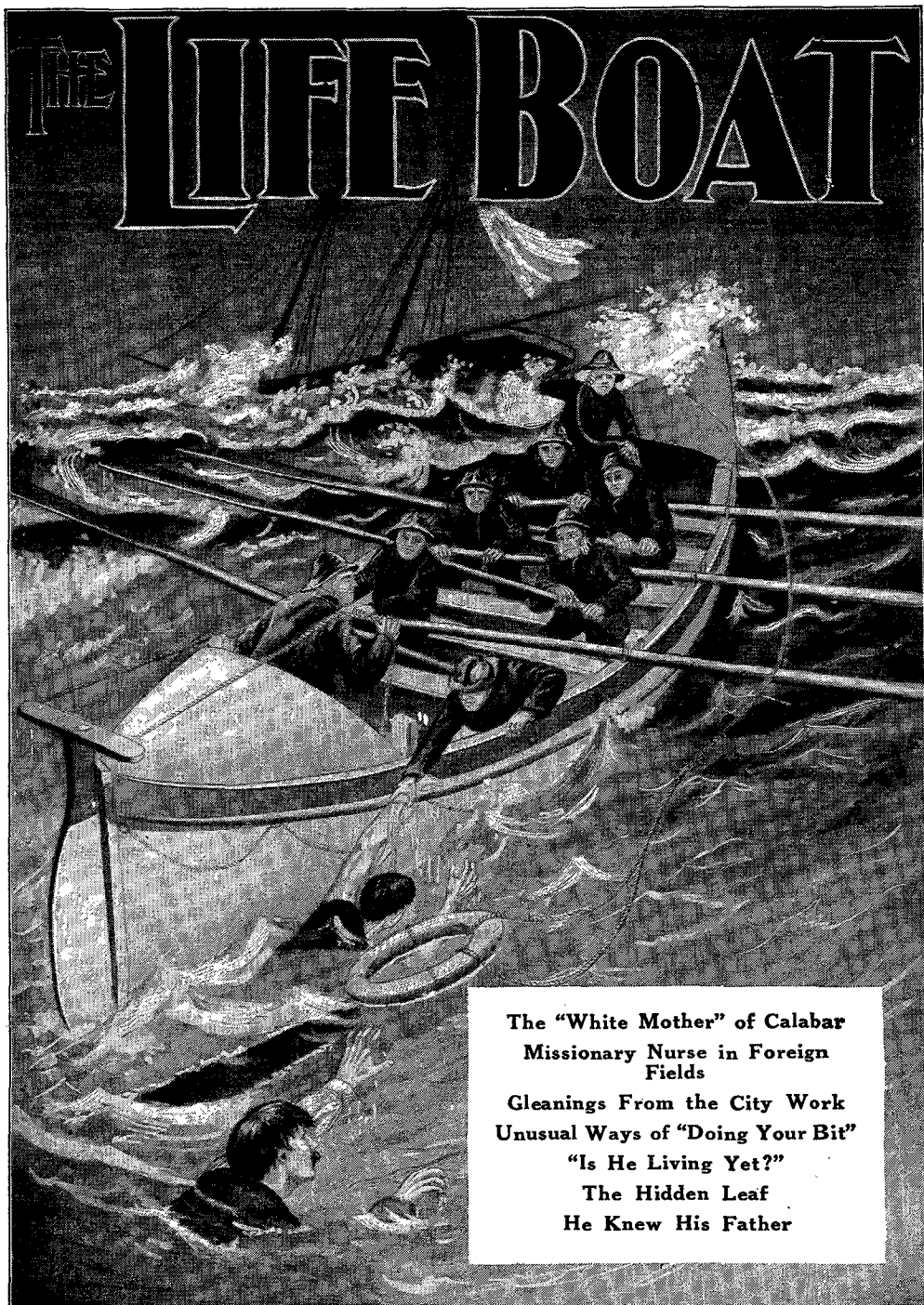


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**The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations**

The "White Mother" of Calabar  
Missionary Nurse in Foreign  
Fields

Gleanings From the City Work  
Unusual Ways of "Doing Your Bit"

"Is He Living Yet?"

The Hidden Leaf  
He Knew His Father

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Number Nine

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**Food and Digestion—D. H. Kress, M. D.**

# How to Treat a Soul to Save Him

Pearl Waggoner Howard

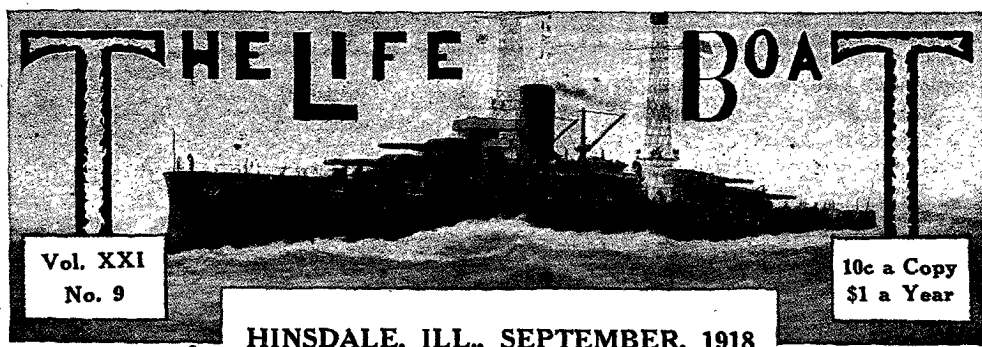
Moho, Peru, S. A.

**W**OULD you treat a soul to save him?  
Do not speak in angry tone;  
Do not act as if the judgment  
Rested with yourself alone.  
Give him credit for his strivings  
Toward the noblest and the best,  
Making not an unmeant stumble  
Of his loyalty a test.

**T**EMPER and impatient spirit.  
Or a zeal not born of love  
Are as black as grosser sinnings  
To the eyes all-pure above.  
God is patient with *your* failings  
And your so-called "high-toned sin";  
Exercise the same long-suffering  
Toward the one you hope to win.

**N**OT enough it is to question,  
"What would Christ, the Master, do?"  
Let Himself—the great Soul-winner—  
Live again His life in you.  
'Tis His power alone can save men,  
His the power alone to draw;  
Love has more of power to change men.  
That most strongly-uttered law.

**W**OULD you treat a soul to save him?  
First, O look at Calvary,  
Learning there the soul's great value  
As God figures it to be.  
Then go forth, your own life giving—  
Heart aglow with Calvary's love:  
Not alone you'll have to enter  
Through the pearly gates above.



## Food and Digestion

D. H. Kress, M. D.

**W**HY is food necessary? Why should we eat? The object in eating is to secure strength. We eat for the same reason that we put wood into the stove. The wood, by being burned up, is converted into heat. If we should burn up an egg, a certain amount of heat would be given off, and a residue would be left behind. The same process occurs in the human body. A certain portion of the food acts as the fuel of the body. In burning a candle heat is given off, but no residue is left behind. The same is true of pure starch and sugar. They are the heat and energy producers.

### A Food That Leaves Ashes

There is another substance that we call albumen, found very largely in the egg and in flesh foods. The system needs very little of this. It is unwise to eat large quantities of this kind of food. A certain amount of heat is given off when burned, but a residue, or ash, is left behind. If the system is flooded with too much of this kind of food, incomplete oxidization takes place and instead of being converted into urea, it is left in the form of uric acid. Medical authorities agree that uric acid is responsible for a great many diseases. Uric acid, when examined under the microscope, has the appearance of broken pieces of glass. If these crystals are not eliminated through the kidneys, they are deposited in the joints, and set up an irritation, producing gout, rheumatism, asthma, neuralgia, sick headache, etc., all these diseases being now largely traced to the presence of this

product. People who suffer with these diseases, it is usually found, have been in the habit of eating largely of nitrogenous foods. Starchy foods, sugar and oil are not so dangerous, because when they are burned up they leave no residue behind.

In taking some sugar or fruit juice and exposing it to the air, it soon begins to change by the action of certain germs called yeast. By this action the sugar is consumed and converted into carbonic acid gas, and a poisonous product called alcohol. Albumen, by decomposition, is converted into ammonia. They are no longer foods, but poisons. The same process that takes place in the sugar outside of the body may take place inside, and alcohol be formed having the same effect upon the system as though alcohol was directly introduced. Frequently patients state how well they feel, when perhaps in a few hours instead of feeling well they will have a great feeling of depression. That feeling of well-being was really due to self-intoxication, and the depression a condition which is sure to follow any unnatural stimulation. Feeling well is not always an indication of health.

### Often the Worst Kind of Dyspeptics

There is a certain class of dyspeptics who when they come to the physician complain of some other disease entirely, thinking they have no difficulty with their digestion. They frequently say, "Doctor, there is nothing the matter with my stomach. I can digest anything." Upon examination, this class of pa-

tients proves to be the worst kind of dyspeptics. The stomach is usually dilated, secreting very little hydrochloric acid, not sufficient to destroy germs introduced by the food, so that the food undergoes decay, flooding the system with poisonous products. In these cases, the sensibility of the stomach is almost destroyed. The general symptoms complained of are headache, weakness in the legs, specks before the eyes, confusion of thought, etc. In placing such a patient upon a proper diet, the stomach assumes a more normal condition.

It is a very common thing for them to come to their physician and say, "Doctor, I never had any difficulty with my stomach until the last few days. Now I have a feeling of distress." The patient regards this, of course, as an unfavorable symptom, when the fact is, it is one of the most favorable symptoms he can have.

#### **Avoid Foods Which Decay Quickly**

Where the stomach is dilated and the secretions are diminished, the use of milk, yeast breads, flesh foods or other animal products are objectionable. Foods which readily undergo decay are to be avoided in these cases. We can easily determine what kind of foods would be prohibited. By taking a piece of meat and an egg and placing them in separate jars, then placing some bread and beans in another jar, and fruit in still another, and exposing them to the sun on a warm day, in three or four hours the flesh and egg will have undergone putrefaction, giving off a most disagreeable and offensive odor. This is not true of the bread and beans, neither is it true of the fruit. The same changes that occur in these foods outside of the body, will also occur inside in the absence of sufficient acid.

Cases of poison from the use of meats that have already undergone decay are very common. In fact, it is difficult to take up a newspaper during the summer without finding recorded one or more cases of fish poisoning, cheese poisoning or poisoning by the use of tinned meats or some other animal products. There are a great many cases of poisoning resulting in disease and often sudden death, where the poison is developed in the stomach and intestines after the food is introduced.

Flesh-eating animals, like the dog and lion, have a great abundance of hydrochloric acid

to disinfect the flesh they eat. Even the saliva is acid. Then, besides this, the alimentary canal is smooth and very short, so that the food can pass along rapidly, and be thrown out of the system as quickly as possible. Even then the product that is thrown off shows an evidence of decay by its offensive odor. These animals become sick by eating largely of flesh foods in warm weather.

In man the alimentary canal is long. Instead of being smooth the stomach is a huge bag. The intestines, instead of being smooth, are sacculated, and the colon is enlarged. The foods upon which man should subsist are designed to remain in the alimentary canal a longer time, because they need a longer time to digest. If flesh foods are eaten, it can be readily seen that decay must occur, and the system must become flooded with poisons. The evil results of meat eating may not be at once experienced, and because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, the transgressor thinks he may go on. Under the stimulation of these poisons he flatters himself that no injury will result. But sooner or later he will find himself the victim of some incurable disease, as Bright's disease, diabetes, etc. Fresh fruits, especially the sub-acid fruits, are of great value in these cases. Cottage cheese may be used in place of meats. Raw cabbage, lettuce, celery and carrots are excellent.

#### **Too Much Acid in the Stomach**

Absence of gastric secretion is usually preceded by an abundant flow of gastric juice where the stomach is in an irritated or inflammatory condition. In these cases mostly everything eaten causes a certain amount of distress: just as the normal light, which is agreeable to the normal eye, will cause pain to an eye that is inflamed. The normal foods that are eaten, no matter how wholesome, will produce a certain amount of disturbance. The greatest danger in these cases is that the patients are apt to eat too frequently. They have perhaps discovered that the pain is relieved immediately after eating. This naturally leads them to take food more often than they should. It is true that by the introduction of foods the distress is relieved. The pain is due to the extreme acidity of the contents of the stomach. When food is taken, a

certain amount of this acid is absorbed by it, and the pain for a time passes away. But new food being constantly introduced into the stomach gives it no chance for rest, so that the irritation is kept up, and the stomach assumes a more diseased state and finally results in ulceration. Or perhaps the glands, from constant overwork, become exhausted, so that it cures itself and the pain experi-

enced from the food disappears; but the stomach may then be in a worse condition, a state of paralysis. These people can frequently point back to the time when they had disturbances of the stomach, and they will say, "For several years my stomach has not bothered me at all." The symptoms in these cases are due to intestinal putrefaction and autointoxication.

## The "White Mother" of Calabar

Caroline Louise Clough

SHE was a woman close on sixty, with a heavily-lined face, and a skin from which the freshness and bloom had long, long ago departed; but there was fire in her old eyes still, tired though they looked; there was sweetness and firmness about her lined mouth. Heaven knows who had dressed her. She wore a skimpy tweed skirt and a cheap nunn's veiling blouse and on her iron grey hair was perched rakishly a forlorn broken picture-hat of faded green chiffon with a knot of bright red ribbon to give the bizarre touch of colour she had learned to admire among her surroundings.

"Ye'll excuse my hands," she said, and she held them out.

"They were hardened and roughened by work, work in the past, and they were just now bleeding from work finished but now;

the skin of the palms was gone, the nails were worn to the quick; that they were painful there could be no doubt, but she only apologized for their appearance."

Such was the impression Mary Slessor made on a noted woman writer whom she met at the Government house in Calabar. Mary Slessor was a Scottish lassie who during her childhood had held ever before her the need for missionaries on the west coast of Africa. And at the age of twenty-eight, on August 5, 1876, she sailed for that dark superstitious heathen country of West



Mary Slessor, Who Gave Her Life for the Uplift of Calabar.

Africa. Not willing to remain with the mission station already established she sailed up the river into the interior and there all alone established a mission station in Okoyong.

At once she was plunged into the midst of mobs, riots, murders and "palavers." These were so fierce, so terrible, that they would cause the stoutest heart to faint; but this slender, frail woman gained the confidence of those people in such a way that she could lead them around as children. Their terrible superstition, their belief in evil spirits, kept them bound to a practice more cruel than can be imagined. When any one met with an accident, was killed or even died from disease,

who treated her with kindness and consideration. Iye gave birth to twins. What happened is described by Miss Kingsley, who witnessed the incident on her arrival in Okoyong. Speaking of Iye, she says:

"She was subjected to torrents of virulent abuse, her clothes were torn, and she was driven out as an unclean thing. Had it not been for the fear of incurring Miss Slessor's anger, she would have been killed with her children, and the bodies thrown into the bush. As it was, she was hounded out of the village. The rest of her possessions were jammed into an empty gin-case and cast to her. Miss Slessor had heard of the twins' arrival and had started off, barefooted and bareheaded,



The Court House Where Miss Slessor Held Court.

they believed some evil spirit was among them and sought out the one possessing that spirit. A "palaver" was held at once, and the poison bean was given to the person supposed to be harboring the evil spirit. If he survived the ordeal he was considered innocent, but if he died the evil spirit was thus conquered.

#### Iye and Her Twins

One terrible practice was the murder of twin babies. A woman well respected, from a good family, loved by her people, suddenly becomes an outcast should she give birth to twins. The story is told of Iye a slave woman, light in color and handsome, the property of one of the big women of the tribe

at a rapid pace. By the time she had gone four miles she met the procession, the woman coming to her, and all the rest of the village yelling and howling behind her. On the top of her head was the gin-case, into which the children had been stuffed, on the top of them the woman's big brass skillet, and on the top of that her two market calabashes.

"Miss Slessor took charge of affairs, relieving the unfortunate, weak, staggering woman from her load and carrying it herself, for no one else would touch it, or anything belonging to those awful twin things, and they started back together to Miss Slessor's house in the forest-clearing, saved by that tact

which, coupled with her courage, has given Miss Slessor an influence and a power among the negroes unmatched in its way by that of any other white.

"Miss Slessor attended with all kindness, promptness, and skill to the woman and children. I arrived in the middle of this affair for my first meeting with Miss Slessor, and things at Okoyong were rather crowded, one way and another, that afternoon. All the attention one of the children needed—the boy, for there were a boy and a girl—was burying, for the people who had crammed them into the box had utterly smashed the child's head. The other child was alive, and remained a member of that household of rescued chil-

mouth, and now they greet me only with curses and execrations. They have smashed my basin, they have torn my clothes, and so on, and so on. There was no complaint against the people for doing these things, only a bitter sense of injury against some super-human power that had sent this withering curse of twins down on her."

The surviving infant, Susie, was queen of the household for fourteen months when she met with an accident and died. Miss Slessor's home was filled with these unfortunate twins rescued from death in a tragic manner. She soon came to be chief ruler, judge, and leading administrator of the tribe. And when the British government invaded the district she



Miss Slessor and the Members of Her Household. Taken Not Long Before Her Death

dren, all of whom owe their lives to Miss Slessor.

"The natives would not touch it, and only approached it after some days, and then only when it was held by Miss Slessor or me. Even its own mother could not be trusted with the child; she would have killed it.

#### Yesterday a Woman—Now a Horror

"Her lamentations were pathetic. She would sit for hours singing or rather mourning a kind of dirge over herself: 'Yesterday I was a woman, now I am a horror, a thing all people run from. Yesterday they would eat with me, now they spit on me. Yesterday they would talk to me with sweet

was appointed by the government to rule the people who for so many years had looked to her as their mother.

During her thirty-nine years of service, a great change came in among the people. The wicked brutal butchery at "palavers" came to an end. Schools and churches were established. The cruel treatment of twin babies was the hardest for the natives to give up. Her ever increasing family of unfortunate twins proved to be her strongest support in later years.

#### The Source of Her Power

When asked for her testimony on this subject she said, "My life is one long daily,

hourly record of answered prayer. For physical health, for mental strength, for guidance given marvelously, for errors and dangers averted, for enmity to the Gospel subdued, for food provided at the exact hour needed, for everything that goes to make up life and my poor service, I can testify with a full and often wonder-stricken awe that I believe God answers prayers. I know God answers prayer. I have proved during long decades while alone, as far as man's help and presence are concerned, that God answers prayer. Cavilings, logical or physical, are of no avail to me, it is the very atmosphere in which I live and breathe and have my being, and it makes life glad and free and a million times worth living. I can give no other testimony.

"I am sitting alone here on a log among a company of natives. My children, whose very lives are a testimony that God answers prayer, are working round me. Natives are crowding past on the bush road to attend prayers, and I am at perfect peace, far from my own countrymen and conditions, because I know God answers prayer. Food is scarce just now. We live from hand to mouth. We have not more than will be our breakfast today, but I know we shall be fed, for, God answers prayer.

"Prayer is the greatest power God has put into our hands for service—praying is harder work than doing, at least I find it so, but the dynamic lies that way to advance the Kingdom."

W. P. Livingstone in his book, "Mary Slessor of Calabar," wrote, "She realized that prayer was hedged round by conditions, and that everything depended upon the nature of the correspondence between earth and heaven. She likened the process to a wireless message, saying, 'We can only obtain God's best by fitness of receiving power. Without receivers fitted and kept in order the air may tingle and thrill with the message, but it will not reach my spirit and consciousness.'"

#### **Her Constant Companion**

"She had always been an earnest and intelligent student of the Bible, and to her it grew more wonderful every day. Her own reading of it was mainly accomplished in the early morning which was usually about 5:30. She took a fine pen and her Bible and underlined the governing words and sentences as

she went along in her endeavor to grasp the meaning of the writer and the course of his argument; word by word, sentence by sentence, she patiently followed his thought. When one Bible was finished she began another, and repeated the process, for she found that new thoughts came as the years went by. Such sedulous study had its effect upon her character and life; she was interpenetrated with the spirit of the Book; it gave her direction in all her affairs—in her difficult palavers she would remark, 'Let us see what the Bible says on this point'—it inspired her with hope, faith, and courage. Often after an hour or two of meditation over it she felt no desire for ordinary literature, all other books seeming tame and tasteless after its pages.

"Some of the later Bibles she used are in existence, and bear testimony to the thoroughness of her methods. Almost every page is a mass of interlineations and notes. As one turns them over, phrases here and there catch the eye, arresting in thought and epigrammatic in form; such for instance as these:

"God is never behind time.

"If you play with temptation do not expect God will deliver you.

"No gift or genius or position can keep us safe or free from sin.

"Good is good, but it is not enough; it must be God.

"The secret of all failure is disobedience.

"Sin is loss for time and eternity.

"Half the world's sorrow comes from the unwisdom of parents.

"Slavery never pays; the slave is spoiled as a man, and the master not less so.

"It were worth while to die, if thereby a soul could be born again."

#### **A Glimpse of the Results**

Mr. Livingstone, in summing up the work that this noble woman accomplished, says: "When she unlocked the Enyong Creek, some were amused at the little kirks and huts she constructed in the bush, and asked what they were worth—just a few posts plastered with mud, and a sheet or two of corrugated iron. But they represented a spiritual force and influence far beyond their material value. They were erected with her life-blood, they embodied her love for her Master and for the people, they were outposts, the first dim lights in the darkness of a dark land; they stood



for Christ himself and his cross. And to-day there exist throughout the district nearly fifty churches and schools in which the work is being carried on carefully and methodically by trained minds. The membership numbers nearly 1,500, and there is a large body of candidates and inquirers and over 2,000 scholars.

"One cannot estimate the value of her general influence on the natives; it extended over an area of more than 2,000 square miles. To West Africans, a woman is simply a chattel to be used for pleasure and gain, but she gave them a new conception of womanhood, and gained their reverence and confidence and obedience. Although she came to upset all their ideas and customs, which represented home and habit and life itself to them, they loved her and would not let the wind blow on her. She thus made it easy for other women agents to live and work amongst them; and probably there is no similar mission field where these can dwell in such freedom and safety. And through her womanhood she gave them some idea of the power and beauty of the religion which could make that womanhood possible. Her influence will not cease, for in the African bush, where there are no daily newspapers to crowd out events and impressions, and tradition is tenacious, she will be remembered in hut and harem and by forest camp fire, and each generation will hand down to the next the story of the 'Great White Mother' who lived and toiled for their good."

What Mary Slessor did, other women can do. Her life is merely an object lesson of what the Lord can do with a willing, unselfish, consecrated woman, who relies wholly on God.

### HE KNEW HIS FATHER

W. A. WESTWORTH

A little story that I heard Brother S. H. Lane tell I have never forgotten. He said that there was an old brother who used to come and visit at their house once in a while, and they all thought he was a pretty good fellow, they loved him. One time he came and was to stay at the house two or three nights.

The boys had always been taught that they must say their prayers at night, and they did

it conscientiously. But it so happened that the good old brother went to his bedroom at the same time the boys retired. They undressed quickly and then they kneeled down to say their prayers, but they hadn't got through before they heard the old cord bedstead squeak and they knew he had gotten in bed before they had.

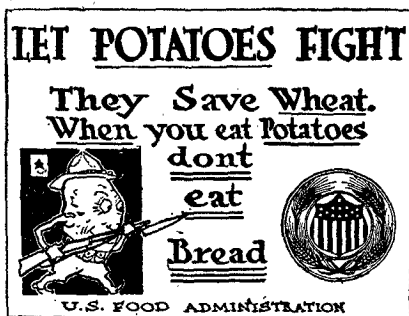
Brother Lane thought a while, then he turned to his brother and said, "Did that old brother go to bed *without* saying his prayers? Did you hear the bed squeak? Didn't that brother say his prayers?"

"Tomorrow night we will watch him."

So, the next night just about time for bed the boys hurried up, and above their bed was a little trap door leading to the loft and they could look down through the cracks into the adjoining room where the old brother slept. They went up the ladder and laid down on the attic floor waiting for the brother to come up to bed. Brother Lane said what they saw made a wonderful impression on him. He said the old man came up and the first thing he did was to kneel down and say:

"Lord, another day is past. If there is anything I ought to make *right* before I go to sleep, tell it to me now." He waited a moment then said: "I don't think of anything, keep me till morning. Good night!"

Then he got up and went to bed. It was a strange thing to hear a man say "Good night" to God. There is something so simple about it; it takes a hold of you more and more as you think about it. That is *peace*. That man could not have prayed that prayer unless he was used to talking to God. He had been acquainted with His heavenly father, and he knew his Father would tell him if there was anything wrong. There is such a thing as getting acquainted with God.



# The Missionary Nurse in Foreign Fields\*

Dollie Tyrer

**T**O-DAY when so large a portion of the world is sounding the Macedonian cry "Come over and help us," opportunity is opening fields at every hand to the missionary nurse. However it once may have been, Livingstone reminds us that a foreign missionary is now no longer properly represented by a man with a Bible in his hand. Modern Christianity has been slow to realize it, but experience proves that the most successful pioneer missionary evangelist is the medical missionary. The heathen's prejudice antagonizes every effort to teach him. The African is satisfied with his superstition and the Indian prefers his idols. But, regardless of his belief or the color of his skin, a sick man wants help. Although the missionary nurse may meet with distrust at first, sooner or later he wins confidence and is given hearty welcome.

All that befalls the heathen for good or ill he attributes to his gods. Consequently, when the nurse's remedies relieve pain the native listens with some degree of interest to the story of the Saviour and his healing power.

Mission boards have long since come to recognize the value of medical assistance in carrying the gospel. In the year 1850, the total number of medical missionaries in heathen lands reached two score. From that time, however, this class of workers greatly increased, until in 1885 there were in active service 170 medical missionary nurses. Late statistics show about 800 medical missionary physicians who are laboring in foreign fields besides a large number of nurses who have already been trained for this work. Yet the physicians are few compared to the territory. Thus in many places the nurse is called upon to do things which would be quite out of her sphere in the Homeland. She may well be ready to do anything from relieving a toothache to amputating a foot.

While those who have ministerial training alone are learning the language or dialect, the doctor and nurse will find opportunity to explain Christianity. Kindly ministry for their

relief, is God's love expressed in terms that can be understood by all. The proverb holds true, "The gospel of kindness must be practiced before the gospel of faith can be preached."

The true missionary nurse has but one object, an undivided aim, that of doing good. She loves all mankind and is ready to sacrifice anything to aid them. Perhaps there are times not a few, when she will be bitterly opposed, but in the end a blameless life of self sacrifice wins its way to the hearts of peasants and princes. Kings will invite her to dwell with them.

A missionary nurse, Miss Knight by name, was called one evening to see a poor woman who was very ill. As usual, all possible remedies had been tried without success. Miss Knight took some fomentations and rode her bicycle over rough roads to the destination, 16 miles away. She found the woman in a semi-conscious condition, suffering from typhoid fever, complications already having set in. The nurse learned that they had no water, save that in a shallow puddle. With it, thirst was quenched, and food cooked. Besides, at the puddle they watered their animals, washed their clothes, and emptied their sewerage. Miss Knight did the best she knew. After a trip home for water she returned to find that the family could not be persuaded to use the water because it had been carried in her pail. Foolish superstition, but none the less binding! The Christian nurse, securing one of their pails again went for water. After some other difficulties she finally succeeded in giving a treatment. The anxious, half hopeful family allowed Miss Knight to return. As the patient's improvement grew apparent, this missionary nurse made the most of her opportunity. Confidence grew, others heard and soon Miss Knight developed into teacher as well as nurse. One ray of gospel light penetrated heathen darkness, and since, a small church has been organized among those natives. *Did it pay?*

What Arthur H. Smith, 35 years a foreign missionary, says of his own field is true of other lands: "The presence of an educated

\*Read at the Nurses' Graduation at Hinsdale, July 8, 1918.

Christian medical woman in the sick room, wise and winning, strong and sweet, is one of God's best gifts to China."

Since the majority of trained nurses are young women, the introduction of medical missions has brought the gospel to the female half of the old hemisphere. The last two decades have marked wonderful advancement in bringing the gospel to our foreign sisters. Perhaps even yet we have experienced only a glimpse of the nurse's possibilities, but the day of redemption to truth and holiness

teach them the laws of sanitation as well as the redemption story.

Perhaps, it should be stated that the nurse's activities no longer depend entirely on hazardous tours in search of patients. Well equipped hospitals and dispensaries have been established at several mission stations. In such places surroundings are more constant and favorable, while the nurse fills the prescriptions of missionary physicians. Fortunately, the heathen invariably associate medicine with religion. A prominent Mohammedan



A Group of Poor Sick Indians Waiting for the Dispensary Nurse to Relieve Their Suffering

hastens as the missionary nurse's vision widens.

One or two generations ago no stranger had been seen within the walls of the countless zenānas or women's dwellings in India. To-day, women missionary nurses move freely among them. The physical miseries of Chinese women are now being relieved. The medical missionary becomes not only the pioneer of evangelization but the forerunner of civilization. In the crowded districts unsanitary conditions and revolting superstitious practices encourage contagion and spread plagues and epidemics. The nurse may well

recently said, "It is these medical missionaries who are winning the hearts and confidence of our people. If we do not do as they do, we will soon lose our hold upon our own people. We must build hospitals and care for the sick and dying if we wish to keep our religion alive."

One of the most encouraging prospects for the evangelization of Heathendom rests on the fact that caste barriers centuries old are being broken down. For instance, in one medical mission of India a poor Brahman, a low caste man, a Hindu merchant, a Parsee clerk from Bombay, and a man of the agri-

culture caste, were all in the same mission at the same time receiving treatment for various ailments. They came to be cured, but in the missionary's mind the possible cure might be first, but it was not uppermost.

The gospel is the only antidote for earth's sin and misery. To make known the message of God's love is the first work of those who know its healing power. That was the ambition of the greatest foreign missionary the world ever knew. Can ours be less? Nineteen hundred years ago He left a paradise to enter a field more foreign to Him than any land of heathendom is to us. When the time came for Him to return He left his commission with his twelve disciples, with the promise that His power would be with them even unto the end. Handed down through the ages the divine commission still holds, and the promise has lost none of its power. The medical missionary of to-day inherits the responsibility and the privilege.

May God bless the consecrated efforts of missionary nurses whom duty calls to foreign fields, and hasten the ushering in of that glad, millennial year when all trace of sickness and sorrow shall be wiped away.

### "BUILD A CORRAL AROUND ME"

O. MONTGOMERY

[Brother Montgomery, missionary to South America, told recently at Hinsdale this experience of visiting the Lake Titicaca Mission in Puno, Peru.—Ed.]

We had the privilege of attending an early morning weekly prayer meeting. What would you think of attending a meeting at seven o'clock every Wednesday morning of the year and of walking from three to fourteen miles to get there? That is what they do. Those Indians were there three hundred and fifty strong.

We did not occupy much of the time; we gave it to the Indians. We had song and prayer and more than fifty offered prayer. I wish you might have heard those prayers. I will tell you just one, poured forth from a Paraguayan to give you an idea of what an Indian's prayer is like:

"O God, build a corral around me so I cannot get out to sin, that too strong temptation cannot get inside to overcome me."

Could you have prayed a better prayer? Could you have expressed more clearly or more fully the real needs of the human heart

than were expressed in that Indian's prayer? That Indian did not know how to say, "Dear Lord, let the angels encamp around about me," or "Give to me Thy Holy Spirit to strengthen and to deliver me," but he did know what a corral was. He knew, when he took those trees and set them close together in the ground eight or ten feet high and then went into the woods and got some of those great vines and wove them in between those poles all the way around and then had four or five fierce dogs at the gate, that his animals were safe at night from the beasts of the forest. The Indian's mind could grasp that. Somehow or other his heart longed for a power outside and above himself that would put such a hedge around him that he could not break out to sin. I wish that God would put that kind of a hedge around each one of us.

### LOVE'S ANOINTING

ROBERT HARE

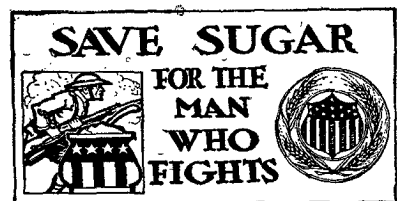
If we but knew—  
The alabaster box we planned to pour  
On tired feet, when life at last was done,  
Would not be kept for years unsealed,  
Unopened, till the heart its rest had won,  
When all is hushed at set of sun.

If we but knew—  
The perfume would be poured to-day  
In healing sweetness and refreshing showers,  
While tired feet might feel its touch,  
And aching hearts could share the powers  
That love would breathe in burial hours.

If we but knew—  
The eyes we see would be more glad,  
The feet beloved would walk a smoother path,  
And round the lonely heart love's tide  
Would cast, in warmer breath,  
Its alabaster sweets, for life, not death.

If we but knew—  
Our love would go beforehand still,  
And bare its spikenard for the living head;  
For frozen lips can never tell,  
However tenderly we spread  
The perfume, when the heart is dead!

No power on earth, nor under the earth,  
can make a man do wrong without his own consent.



# Gleanings From the City Work

Lucy E. Taylor

**I**N our efforts to meet the people in Chicago, and to interest them in the gospel message for this time, we are constantly reminded of our need of divine guidance. We find all classes—those who are absorbed in worldly cares and pleasures to such an extent that they will not give a moment's thought to their soul's interest, others who are self-satisfied saying, as it were, "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing," others who are seeking for additional light and truth, and like the Bereans are willing to receive "the word with all readiness of mind" and to "search the Scriptures daily whether these things are so."

The first two classes mentioned must receive the light when perhaps through fiery trial they shall have come to realize their need, but the third class may be reached *now* while their minds are open to receive. And the young people who are working from house to house in the summer heat to invite the people to come out to hear Christ preached at the various tents, and to read gospel literature, are finding some of these earnest souls, and are "doing their bit" to aid on God's side of the great conflict between good and evil.

We remember that Jesus always connected physical healing with his work for souls, and as we shall find those who are poor or sick, or ignorant of the laws of health, we shall give simple treatments, and endeavor to raise the standard of healthful living wherever possible.

The meetings in the tents are well attended, and the Spirit of God is impressing upon the hearts of many the truths presented so earnestly by our ministers. The young people are also enjoying these meetings very much, though they cannot attend every evening on account of our distance from the city, and the lateness of the hour when they can reach home. God grant that many souls may be uplifted and helped onward in the way of life everlasting by the efforts of these young soldiers of the cross.

## Brief Reports From the City Workers

About the middle of July we entered the missionary work in Chicago co-operating with

the tent companies who are now actively engaged in holding a series of meetings.

It is my privilege to work in South Chicago in connection with Evangelist Woodman's effort. I find the work interesting but strenuous. Part of our time is taken up in distributing announcements, it being our aim to give a personal invitation to all whom we meet, also to spend a share of the time in selling *THE LIFE BOAT*.

We have a feeling of joy when we see some of the dear souls whom we have visited at their homes come to the meetings and drink in the water of life.

As Jesus told his disciples to look upon the fields for they were white already to harvest, so He tells us to go forth in the very work in which we are engaged.

We certainly feel like a very small company when we take into consideration the vast number of people who live in the great city of Chicago, but God is able to advance his truth and he is doing it among all earnest inquirers after light.

It is my desire to live in such close touch with my Master that he can indeed use me to his glory in telling others of the good news of salvation.

ELIZABETH GOTT.

A most interesting and important feature of our city work, it seems to me, is the work with the children. They are such bright little boys and girls. They are delighted when we stay with them and tell them Bible stories and sing, so we have planned to have a children's meeting once a week. It is encouraging to see how much they remember. Even the youngest, a little girl three years old, can tell us the stories that were told the week before. On Friday nights we have the children's choir at the tent and they sing the songs that they learn during the week.

We are planning on bringing a number of the children out here to Hinsdale for a day's outing. Many of them have never been out of Chicago and they are so anxious to see what the country is like. One little boy said to me, "Olive, do you have any back yards out there?" And I said, "Yes." "Well, are

they dirty like ours?" "No, ours are green," I said. "Oh! that's the kind I like," he replied.

We are praying that some souls may be brought to the light through our work with these children.

OLIVE E. CLARK.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

I am glad for a small part in the Lord's work and have enjoyed my city work very much. We have some wonderful experiences in meeting the people. It is somewhat hard to give the *Present Truth* away as the people think it is some superstitious paper, but we have found a number of earnest souls who are more glad to receive it and ask us to come again.

My friend and I gave a Bible study the other day to a lady and she was very glad to hear about the Bible. One remark she made was, "I have read the Bible through twice, but I never knew there were so many wonderful promises." May the Lord help us to search out these honest souls.

JESSIE TUPPER.

In our city work while distributing invitations, I met a man who was trimming the flowers. As I handed him one of the cards, he inquired what denomination was holding the meetings. I told him. He said, "When I was a young man I attended meetings in Wisconsin, held by Elder Sanborn. He preached on the prophecies, and now I can see that some things he preached about are coming true." He promised to attend the meeting again.

HAZEL KROHN.

I can truly say I have enjoyed my work in the city the past four weeks. We are helping with the tent efforts on the West side and have many wonderful experiences. We have not found very many needy families as yet as we are working with the wealthier class, but many are interested in our work and need the truth just as much as the poor class.

We are hoping for a good harvest of souls as a reward for our efforts.

ELLA SPEARS.

As we labor together for Christ in Chicago, through the heat of the day, we receive fruits

from our labor, but we still have a great harvest to gather.

We have discouragements as well as encouragements while we go from door to door encouraging the people to hear the Gospel preached in the light of Bible prophecy. But we know that in order to seek out the poor in spirit, the meek, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, and those who love the Lord, we must come in contact also with those who are haughty, lovers of themselves, lovers of money, only reaching after earthly pleasures, seeking nothing higher than that which the earth can afford. But the message must be preached to all, as it is the sure word of the Lord.

Our Life Boats are finding their way into many of the homes of the city. Many have said, "O, I have seen and read your magazine before, I'll take one." Another, "Yes you are doing a great work, I haven't very much but I am always interested in something that is doing good Christian work."

Some few have donated clothes to be given away to the poor during the winter, where they are needed the most. We trust that we will be able to clothe the naked, with the kind cooperation of those who are interested in our work.

EDNA PRICE.

## HOW MUCH

ROBERT HARE

Man is a beggar born and every good he shares  
Comes as a gift bestowed; the very dress he wears  
Is loaned by Nature's kind and bounteous hand.  
His very breath is given by Heaven's command!

Omnipotence has stooped to mould his form of clay,  
To touch his spring of life through every passing day.  
A servant still, by destiny and word,  
Then say, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

How much for all things sweet, for all things fair  
and good,  
For favors granted, though so oft misunderstood?  
For friendships that inspire, and smiles that please?  
How much, how much owest thou my Lord for these?

## FEELS HE HAS A MISSION

From a Montana Prisoner.

"Your letter of the 5th inst. has been received. You can scarcely imagine the happiness it brought me. One who has not experienced prison life cannot in the least imagine the happiness that a letter can bring, even though it comes from a stranger.

"I have often wanted to enter some mis-

sionary field, yet it seems that there was always something to hinder. Perhaps, because I was not wholly fitted for the field God withheld me from it. I have a great field here to work in, yet it is a hard one to get people interested in their soul's eternal welfare. How comforting when He says, 'Return, thou backsliding Israel.' Read Jer. 3:12-14; Hosea 14:4; I John 1:9; 2 Peter 3:9-14.

"It is so good of God that he did not cut me off in my wickedness. I feel that he had a mission for me to fill. It is said, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' I feel that this is one of his chastisements, for it is a blessing in disguise. May he give me the faith of our forefathers. (Heb. 11:39.) May he give me the faith to 'Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.' Gal. 5:1. May the day hasten when peace and righteousness shall reign at the foot of the cross. Long live THE LIFE BOAT and its promoters is the prayer of your humble servant. Accept my thanks for what you are doing for me and rest assured that I am very appreciative of your efforts in my behalf. May God's choicest blessings attend you and THE LIFE BOAT staff."

### ONE LITTLE GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS

Ting-a-ling-ling! sounded the front door bell. Mrs. Hildreth immediately answering the summons, slipped into the hall, and on opening the door a cheerful-faced lady greeted her. Very pleasantly she inquired if Mrs. — lived there. She said she thought the number was right, at any rate she was sure it was on that street.

On being convinced of her mistake, she excused herself; but instead of turning abruptly away, lingered at the door-step as if loath to leave.

In the conversation that followed she seemed so good-natured and agreeable that it touched the heart of Mrs. Hildreth, who was feeling rather sad that day—longing for one little gleam of sunshine from the hearts of those in her own home.

The woman's kindly words, though she was an entire stranger, coming at a time when Mrs. Hildreth needed them most, were like

"apples of gold in pictures of silver." They followed her all through the day while she was engaged in her household duties and she was led to conclude that the Lord sent the stranger there for her special help.

Not only that day but many times after, that cheerful face at the door was remembered, and Mrs. Hildreth thought that if a pleasant smile, a friendly greeting and a few cheering words were like healing balm to her soul, and something to be retained in memory's hall, how much good might be done in the world if these little blessings were passed on by all of God's children.

### WAITING NATIONS

Two African chiefs once came to James Chalmers, asking for teachers, but to his grief the missionary had none to send. Two years later, they came again, and this time he was able to go with them himself.

After many days' journey they arrived on a Sunday morning and found the whole nation on their knees in silence. The missionary asked, "What are you all doing?"

"We are praying."

"But why are you saying nothing?"

They replied sadly, "We don't know what to say. For two years past, ever since we heard of the white man's God, we have gathered together every Sunday and knelt in prayer for four hours; but we could say nothing because no one came to teach us."—*Selected.*

### YOUR ACCOUNTS

"What makes you so dull to-night, Harry?" said one clerk to another.

"I'm so bothered about my accounts, I can't get them right. I have been to a great many places to-day collecting and I have not as much money as I ought to have."

"Oh! never mind. Don't think about that now. What's the use of worrying over it anymore? Put it off 'till tomorrow."

"It's all very fine to say that, but I can't put it by, I have got to give in my book to the governor the first thing in the morning. How can a fellow help thinking about it when his accounts are not right?"

Are your accounts all right, reader? Are you ready to meet your Master? He never forgets anything. And He may call on you to give in your accounts before you expect it.

# Unusual Ways of "Doing Your Bit"

Maud Wilson Cobb

**W**E ARE "doing our bit" to win the war in a way which, while not a striking one for originalty, is at least quite effective. In our Rescue Home we have much to teach those who come to us. "Conservation" is our motto. We do not have any meatless days, we have meatless months and years; no meat is ever served, neither tea or coffee, and very seldom white bread. As

and if any do complain we soon find out what causes it and try to avoid another attack. Our babies are unusually strong and well developed, and when the directions of our Dr. Barber are followed closely, as our nurses try to do, we have very little trouble with cross babies.

\*You will say, "how will this help the war?" We believe if we have healthy moth-



Three of Our Dear Ones Who Are Now Leaving Us for Permanent Homes

our girls and women come from so many different homes they take back with them the instruction they have received on how to live, and they have the privilege of teaching others how they can live without many unnecessary articles of food, and have better health for it.

It means much to our credit that we never have any serious illness in our Home. There are very few complaints of headaches

ers, strong babies and Christian influence with those who are discouraged, helpless and hopeless, and they in turn give it to others, we are furnishing better material for our country, stronger muscles, clearer brains and a better moral character. This, with hope and courage, will mean much in this day of trouble, and if their trust can be placed in a higher power, which is our stronghold, why can we not say we will



help our country by being true and clean people and be ready and prepared to do anything we are called upon to do?

To-day as we look over the result of our work, we are glad to see good accomplished. When the girls come back to our Home to visit us and tell us what it has meant to them, we cannot help but be grateful that friends have been so kind to us and helped us keep our doors open to Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, white and black. No one is ever turned away; if there is a condition we cannot accept because of disease, or a very low character as a drug fiend or degenerate, we at once locate some place that is prepared to care for such cases. We never leave them to drift alone.

We have a wonderful work and I thank God every day for a part in it. When I can see the tear-stained face raised in thankfulness for a home, and love and a new hope born, it seems good to live.

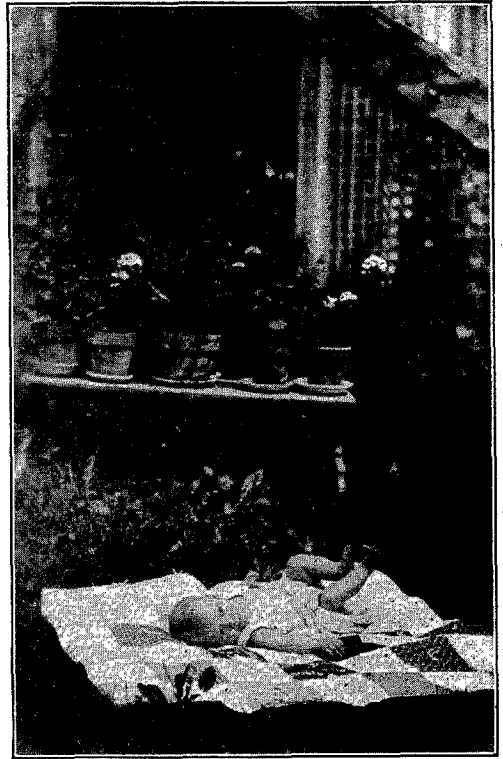
To-day we have ten girls in our home and we are proud of them, for this reason: each one is trying to fill some place in our home to make it what it should be, each one is striving to live above the mistakes of their life and profit by their past experience and be a help to others who have not had to pass through the same experience.

Our Esther, who came to us last winter in very poor health and had had no advantages in her whole life, has perfect health and we depend on her for many duties about the Home. It is a pleasure to see her smiling face and her willingness to help. Her baby is a joy and a very lovely baby, now four months old. This mother takes splendid care of her little Violet May, who has never had a sick hour in her short life. We give the credit to the care the baby has had. One might wonder why we have kept this mother and child for so long a time. The reason is this: This girl had no home, no one to care for her. She did not know how to work and had no training. When we found she was willing, we began teaching her how to work, to read, to dress neatly, how to meet strangers and carry on a conversation, and meanwhile we have cared for her physical and spiritual condition. Five months in our home has made her a new creature. With her baby she would be a jewel in any home; thanks to our friends who have

helped clothed and feed her and her baby.

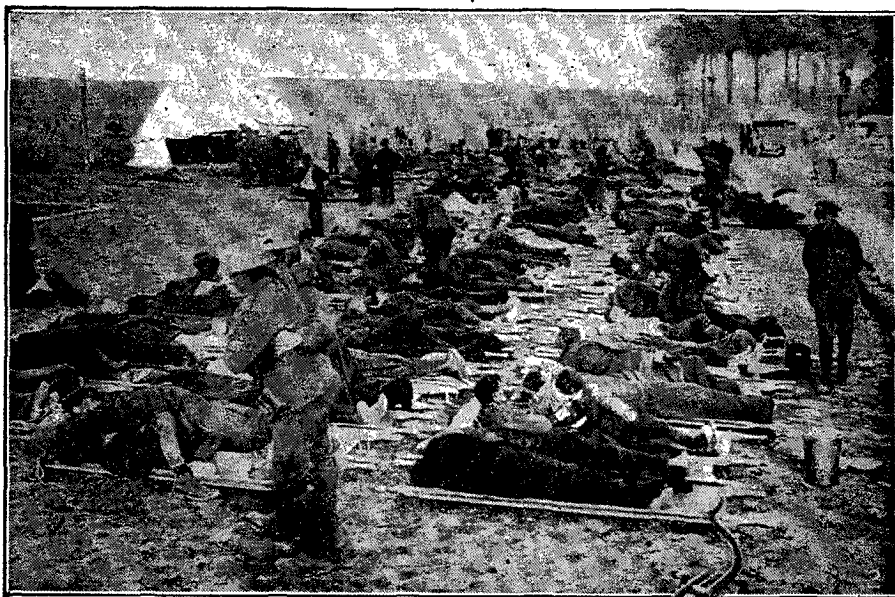
We have other girls coming to us very soon who need the same care. We expect five new girls in the next few days. At this time of the year our funds are low; we do not want to get into debt, for there is no one to charge it to except the Rescue Home and the home is only the girls who fill it.

Christ has promised he will care for those who are broken-hearted and down-cast and we know every girl who crosses



Violet May Basking in the Sunshine

our doorstep comes with a broken heart. We have had over forty girls in our home since Christmas. Each one has many things to be thankful for and has freely expressed it in many ways. We are now preparing for the winter. I wonder how many we can care for, and how many will learn to trust Him who doeth all things well? We are praying, and ask our friends to pray with us that we may have all the Lord wants us to have to begin the winter months. Who is willing to do their bit at this time?



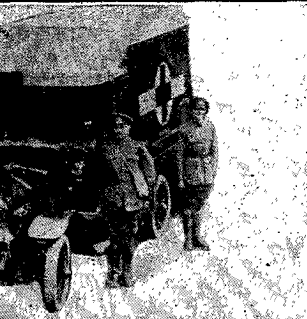
Upper Left: Wounded Awaiting Transport to the Clearing Station.

Center: Scene in a Captured Village. The Medical Corps at Work Picking Up the Wounded in the Destruction Wrought By War.

Upper Right: A Wheeled Stretcher Containing a Wounded Soldier.

Lower Right: Carrying the Wounded "Over the Top" in View of the Enemy

MINISTRY OF  
HEALING  
e British Front



of the Desola-

## “Is He Living Yet?”

Pearl Waggoner Howard

Moho, Peru, S. A.

THIS is doubtless a question in the minds of many, in these troublous times upon which we have entered, as thought centers upon some loved absent one “over there.” But surely, never was the inquiry more pathetic or appealing than when asked us by an Aymara Indian a short while ago.

It is difficult for those of us brought up in civilized countries where Bibles and churches are plentiful and where good reading matter and schools can be had by all, to conceive the dense ignorance and darkness in which these poor Indians grow up. It is likewise difficult for the missionary to make the truth simple enough to be grasped by them. Involuntarily one finds himself taking a few points for granted, in teaching them—forgetting that they have not any ideas of superstition—the only “religion” of which they have known—can scarcely be called even ideas.

But to return to the Indian above referred to: He was a bright and unusually intelligent young man, knowing the Spanish, and carrying his much-loved Bible with him everywhere. Though living some eighteen miles from our mission station at Occo Pampa he had already learned much of the truth, accepting eagerly everything which had the Bible as authority. He was having dinner in our kitchen one day, and naturally our talk was upon Bible topics. Suddenly, just after God’s name had been mentioned in one of our sentences, he leaned forward across the table and said: “Tell me: I know that Christ, our Saviour, died and was resurrected—but this God, our Father to whom we pray—is *He* living yet, or is *He* dead?”

It came as a shock to us to hear such a question from one who had already had such opportunities. What then must be the state of mind and darkness of those who have as yet had *no* rays of gospel light? And not one of our Occo Pampa Indians is able to read, nor understands Spanish. Yet the question is not surprising, considering the fact that all they knew of prayer previously was to dead saints and images.

As he waited eagerly for our answer we were glad to assure him that “our Father” was indeed alive—living forever—caring for

His children and hearing and answering prayer.

He later went on to explain that the priest had never mentioned even the name of God to them; that he had taught them nothing—simply taken their money and encouraged them to drink and chew. “Until you came,” he said, “we knew *nothing*, nothing at all! We were in utter darkness!”

And yet we have been told that these mountain Indians are not “heathen!” If not, we hardly know what name would apply. Our hearts go out to them in their darkness and the misery and emptiness of life that must be theirs—having more than their share of trial and oppression, yet knowing nothing in the present to help make life easier, and nothing ahead to which to look forward. True, the conveniences of life are not found up here by the worker, but the opportunity to bring eternal hope and cheer to these benighted ones, more than makes up to us all hardship—which after all, is “but for a moment,” seen in the light of eternity; while the souls won from the darkness will live forever.

Many already are now rejoicing in the light of the gospel, though the need is still, so great! And more and more we are made to realize how very simple the story must be told. But while our hearts are made heavy often at the sight of such widespread darkness and ignorance we are glad for the power that the gospel still exerts, and glad that to many of “them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.”

### ANXIOUS TO HELP

FROM A FEDERAL PRISONER

“I am in receipt of your letter for which I am very thankful. I perused your letter and magazine very carefully, and I’ll not hesitate to say that everyone who may be fortunate enough to read such literature will derive immense benefit and moral, mental and spiritual advice and encouragement from its pages. I am a prisoner, serving a ten-year sentence in the United States Prison. I would be more than glad to sell such helpful literature as *THE LIFE BOAT* were it not for my handicap.”

## A VACATION FOR THE LORD

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

It is customary for the churches to close their doors during the hot summer months and for the pastors to go on vacations, but the devil takes no vacation. He is working the hardest when the weather is the warmest because he knows that he can catch even Christians off their guard at this time.

In our work of reaching and helping unfortunate girls we have found that in many cases their downfall was traced to the time when they went on a vacation. Leaving all restraint behind, they were determined to have a "good time" but they paid dear for it afterwards. It is possible to take a vacation and take the Lord along and yet get real rest and enjoyment out of it.

It was my privilege to go with Mrs. D. K. Abrams and other friends on an automobile trip to Frankfort, Ind., where we attended the summer assembly or camp meeting held there.

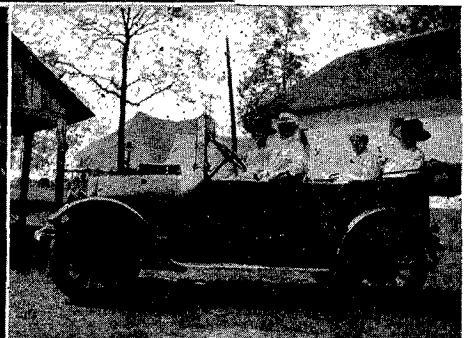
The weather was extremely warm, yet we tried to bring cheer and hope into the lives of those that we met, praying to the Lord continually that we might be used of him to reach some soul.

As we passed through the country and saw about us the harvest fields of gold and the green woods, many beautiful thoughts came to our minds, thoughts of the love and care of our Creator. Our route led over the

Jackson Highway. The letters "J. H." were painted on the trees and posts at frequent intervals to guide us on the way. Many a time we reached the parting of the ways and for a moment hesitated which way to go, when we would see this familiar sign in the distance, then with new hope we would start out in the direction it led. Before our journey's end this sign came to be like a beloved old friend. It reminded us of our journey through life. The guide post is the Lord's Word which leads us on to that better land. So many go in the wrong direction just because they fail to look for the guide post. We are told that God's word is "a lamp to our feet and a light to our path," and if we frequently consult our guide book and watch for the signs along the path, then the Lord will see that we arrive safely in that better land.

We prayed that the Lord might use us to be of some good while getting a rest from our work, hence we ordered 100 copies of THE LIFE BOAT sent in advance and took along some gospel tracts which we handed out on the way. While meeting old friends and new friends and talking with them about the work we interested many and secured their subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT magazine.

One dear old sister, Mrs. Sandlin, caught the enthusiasm from us, and said: "If you will give me a piece of paper and a pencil, I will



Above: Mrs. Abrams Handing the LIFE BOAT to a Soldier.

Left: The drill.

Right: Our Vacation Party. Taken on the Campground. J. W. Cummings and Mrs. Abrams in Front Seat, Mrs. Davis and the Writer in the Rear.

take some subscriptions, too." We gladly provided her with the necessary articles and in the evening she came rejoicing with nine subscriptions which she had procured. She and her daughter promised to continue the good work in their home town.

The next day of our stay at the camp there reined in a large company of soldiers with their ammunition trucks and prepared to camp for the night. We immediately took our arms full of LIFE BOATS, and with another dear sister, Mrs. Nora Johnston, who volunteered to help, we handed each boy a copy and spoke words of cheer and help to them. We were indeed glad to know the warm reception they gave THE LIFE BOAT, not one refusing it, but every one taking it gladly and promising to read it.

We met a dear woman, fifty-one years of age, who has been an invalid for more than thirty-five years; crippled until almost unrecognizable as a human being except for her beautiful Christian face which reflected the love of the Master. Her aged and stooped parents had brought her a long distance on her four-wheeled cart to attend this spiritual feast. The invalid told me that for twenty-five years she had scarcely missed coming each year to the camp meeting and yet she is unable to do a thing for herself or for anybody else. Her heart was overflowing as she counted the blessings she had had and spoke of the new home which she looked forward to where she will walk and sing praises to God through the endless ages of eternity.

Our experience on this trip has led us to thank the Lord for the blessing of friends and for the privilege of working together with Him. We find it a pleasure to help and encourage others as we go on through life.

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Duty and to-day are ours; results and the future belong to God.

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Happiness is where it is found and seldom where it is sought.

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Next to the cabaret, the moving picture show is one of the greatest agents of immorality in the great cities of the world.

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"Conceit may puff a man up, but it never can prop him up."

## WRECKED

ROBERT HARE

Yes, I knew him, knew him well! I worked with him in the ship yard for several years. He stood a little beyond middle age, yet with a genial spirit that made him welcome among all the workmen. In childhood he had a happy home, but there was a veil drawn over his early manhood that I never tried to draw aside.

How he came to fall under the influence of drink I cannot tell, but it had left a sad mark on his life. Sometimes he would go for weeks and months in abstinence, but then the appetite would revive in some way and for several days he would remain incapable of self-control. Days of suffering with its hours of repentance would follow, and then for a time his eye would grow bright again.

Well do I remember his last struggle. Five, six, yes seven months passed and he remained apparently master of the situation. One day in the execution of some commission from the master he crossed the bay and passed near the saloon. What happened I never fully learned, but he returned to the yard half intoxicated. At the close of work he re-crossed the bay and spent most of the night in the saloon. Then he started to return, but he never reached the other shore. In some storm, some struggle with the cold waters he went down, and in the morning an upturned boat drifting to the shore was all that told of the midnight tragedy. A few days after a body cold and stiff floated to the rocky shore.

Kindly hands of the men with whom he had worked built a coffin and the stiffened body was borne to the little cemetery on the hill side. There, among the fern and daisies, we scooped him a grave, and in the gloaming laid him to rest.

Perhaps none of the many forms that bowed 'round that lonely spot ever knew the hard fight he had put up against alcohol. They may never have known the depth of his struggle with appetite, or the horror of that midnight hour when he went down in the billows, but they did know that to him wine had proved to be "a mocker." They knew that a life wrecked for two worlds could be nothing but a failure.

## THE HIDDEN LEAF

MAUD WILSON COBB

Thousands of years ago a leaf fell on the soft clay and seemed to be lost, but one summer day a geologist in his rambling broke off a piece of rock with his hammer and there lay the image of the leaf, with every line and every vein showing all the delicate tracery preserved in the stone through many centuries. So the words we speak and the things we do for Christ to-day may seem to be lost, but in the great, final revealing the smallest of them will appear.

In a world where there are always people who are bearing heartaches and sorrow, a great deal of good is done by those who go about as bearers of sunshine and good cheer. We find many unable to bear their burdens which may be heavy enough to weigh them down if no one gives them a lift. Each day seems to bring its many duties.

## A Glimpse of Our Problems

It may interest our readers to know something of what we meet each day at the Rescue Home. Last Sabbath on returning from the regular morning service, we found a young woman who had been returned to our home from the State Hospital where she had been sent a year ago for an attack of acute mania. Previous to that this woman and her four months' old baby had been sheltered in the Home for several months after being deserted by the husband and father. We kept the baby, Opal, for thirteen months hoping the mother could be returned to it, but finally last April we took it to its grandmother who has cared for the child the best she could. On last Saturday night I took the young woman to her old home and the joy that was shown on meeting the home folks was worth the effort we have made for eighteen months to protect her.

With tears of joy the old mother clasped her arms around her daughter, and said: "Oh, at last my poor sick girl is with me again! If I had had the money I would have come for you long ago, but you know how poor we are. Now I feel rich with my poor girl and her baby with me, and we will work and get along." The young mother held her baby to her breast, and said: "Mother Cobb, pray that I may always be as well as I am now so I can stay at home and keep little Opal. Oh,

how sweet and pretty she is, and she is mine, mine, mine."

I left the home near midnight to get an early train for Chicago, and arrived in time to help with the Sunday morning jail service, after traveling some three hundred miles. That morning thirty-five prisoners knelt in prayer, and desired a better life and wisdom to live right. Sunday afternoon was a busy time on account of visitors coming from Chicago and near-by places to visit us. We are seventeen miles from Chicago. We travel these miles every trip we make to the city and back.

Monday at noon I was called to the parlor to meet a fifteen-year-old school girl and her grandmother and a young aunt, and with sad heart the grandmother told me how great her trouble seemed to be and how she needed help. She told me the girl belonged to her only son, who had married young and his wife had died when their baby was eight days old, and from that day the child had lived with her and had been a joy and comfort to her. She had never been wilful, had attended church and Sunday school and sang in the church choir, never ran on the streets at night; and the poor grandmother could not imagine how she had neglected her duty; but here was the child betrayed. Just last June she finished the eighth grade in the public school. When the facts were made known to the grandmother at once she began to shield the child and was advised to bring her to our home. She was told of the splendid Christian influence and the training along the line of health she would receive, besides the best of medical care by a Christian physician and Christian nurses.

After hearing the case I was sure this girl could bear the name of the man who betrayed her if the matter was cared for in the right way. It meant a trip to Chicago and to another town about one hundred miles farther, also proper investigation, but in a very short time we expect this man to make every provision to care for the mother of his child in her own home so the load is now lifted from the grandmother's shoulders. It only took time and thought to do this in the right way.

While away caring for this case I found by referring to my note book I was in the same town in which the father of a fifteen-year-old girl lived who had been in our home

a few nights before near midnight, pleading with us to help him find a home for the little baby boy just two weeks old. I could only tell the father that I would try and help him to locate the baby nearer his home so he could with the child's mother and grandmother visit it often. I was successful in placing the baby in a splendid nursery within ten miles of its mother's home, with the privilege of the family visiting it at any time. As I laid the little fellow in his new bed he at once went to sleep unconscious of the long trip he had made. I wonder how many

right. The child is soon to be taken by its grandparents. I am glad, for this girl did as we advised her to do—keep her little one.

We are called on by many different people to care for their little ones, but we cannot care for those born outside of our home, so we are glad to recommend this good home to those we cannot take into our own home because of lack of room and help.

Our family of seventeen, with babies who are in the home now, keeps us quite busy. The work goes on well in the home, each girl striving to do her part. Other girls come



A Contented Group at the Nursery

of these little ones will be saved from the snares of this world and be trained for the world to come where there will be no parting and no tears because of separation.

### Visiting a Nursery

While in the nursery I was asked to look at the babies and see if I could recognize a little one whose mother had placed it in the care of this place last May after leaving our home. After looking at seventeen babies in cribs side by side, I at once said: "I am sure this brown-eyed baby is the one, for I remember her mother's features." I was

home every few days to see us and remind us of their appreciation. There is no doubt in my mind that many angels of God take an account of our work here in the home and if we are true burden-bearers may we not expect in that day when our work, whether for good or evil, is reflected, that the whole world may read it as though it were written in the skies of heaven when we are judged for our good works or cast in utter darkness for our evil works. Will it pay to have had the privilege of helping in this work by our prayers, with our hands or our money? How can you help?



## A WORD FROM THE GIRLS NOW AT THE HOME

"After living at the home for seven months I am now to leave to go into my own home, with my husband and babe. During my stay at the home I have learned to have faith in God. I can sincerely say my good fortune in having the father of my baby restored to me in an honorable way is in answer to prayer and I am determined to go out into the world trusting in Him who has brought me into happiness."

"I have been at the Rescue Home for only a few days and during this short time I have been very favorably impressed with the care and treatment the girls receive here.

"I certainly was fortunate in having been sent to this home because of the kind-heartedness of Mrs. Cobb and all others who are interested in the uplifting of the home, and I pray God that its doors will always be open to shelter any other girl who may be in the same needy condition for such shelter and motherly love.

"I am a young girl just eighteen years of age and will never forget what this experience is teaching me.

"If in later years, or probably after my trouble, I am in any way able to do anything for the betterment of the Home, I certainly will do so, for I realize what this help means to me and what it will mean to many others."

"I thank God for the welcome place I have come to, and hope this will be a home for other girls in the same unfortunate condition. I am a girl sixteen years of age, and this experience has taught me a good lesson."

"I have been here for over four weeks and find the Home a most welcome place. It surely has been a life-saver for me. Up until four weeks ago I knew not where I was to go, and I am certainly thankful for being sheltered here. Everybody connected with the Home is so nice and especially our matron who treats the girls just as if they were her own daughters."

"I have been at the home about three weeks and during this time have found it to

be a very good place for those who are in need of care and shelter which is tendered them during their stay."

## EXPERIENCE OF A HOME GIRL

"I was just reading a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*. It seems just like a letter from home. One evening I was out riding with some friends of mine and the minute I got into the car, what should I see but the *JULY LIFE BOAT*. I wanted to read it the worst way but of course I could not then. They had been to Morris, Ill., the day before and had bought one. It certainly is strange how that little magazine gets around into so many homes. No one will ever be able to understand the good work it does.

"I met a lady on the train. I had been reading *THE LIFE BOAT* and had it in my lap. After we talked a while I asked her if she would be interested in a little magazine published at Hinsdale, Ill. I then told her of the Rescue Home and the good work it was doing. I told her of my own experience there. She is a very dear lady. She said that her daughter had the same trouble and she could sympathize with others. Please pray for me each day."

## A LITTLE LIFT

SUSAN COOLIDGE

If you were toiling up a weary hill,  
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,  
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still  
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,  
And each one passing by would do so much  
As give one upward lift and go his way,  
Would not the slight reiterated touch  
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

There is so little, and there is so much  
We weigh and measure and define in vain;  
- A look, a word, a light responsive touch,  
Can be the minister of joy and pain.  
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,  
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,  
And every day we give or we withhold  
Some little thing that tells for life or death.

## HOW A PRISONER FOUND SUNSHINE

"I enjoy reading *THE LIFE BOAT*. It is full of helpful suggestions and inspirational letters from those who have received divine blessings from our Master. This kind of literature makes a doleful, dismal prison a place of sunshine to me."

## WHO IS THE GREATEST?

CHAS. A. SCHOLL

Since the fall of Adam it is the desire of men and women to be great, each to be above his fellow man. This evil thing has its origin in Lucifer, the Devil. Speaking of this evil one, the prophet says, "For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars (angels) of God. \* \* \* I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." Isa. 14:13, 14. I will be somebody, I will be great. But he fell, he was cast out of heaven, he became little, less than nothing.

The world calls a man great when he has accumulated much wealth and heaped up thousands and millions of dollars. God does not measure the greatness of man by dollars and cents.

When the disciples asked Jesus the question, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven," he did not say the man who has the most houses, the biggest farm, the most money, or he that holds the highest office in this world is the greatest. He answered this question by placing a child in their midst, saying, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," (Matt. 18:1-4), far less, become the greatest. God measures man's greatness by the amount of good he accomplishes in behalf of his fellowmen, bringing joy and happiness into the soul.

A man who believes the gospel of Jesus Christ, accepts the Son of God as his Saviour, keeps the commandments of God, and walks with God as did Enoch of old. (Gen. 5:24.) Such a man is a thorough Christian, a real converted man, and Jesus said, "The same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18:4.)

Since Adam and Eve forfeited the joy, happiness, and beauty of Eden, there have been two opposing forces contending in this world—good and evil. God is the perfect expression of goodness. Satan is the very personification of evil. All trouble and sorrow in this world comes direct from Satan and his followers. A great controversy is going on between Christ and Satan. Every man and woman that has lived upon this earth has fought, like a soldier, either under the banner of the Lord of righteousness or under the leadership of the evil one, Satan. Every one

in this world to-day is fighting among the armies of the one or of the other. It follows, therefore, that every man who strives for real greatness must be a brave and valiant soldier of righteousness. The greatest man that ever walked on this earth was the man Jesus of Nazareth. He has given us an example that we should follow his footsteps.

## FROM ONE OF OUR AGENTS

"I do like to sell THE LIFE BOAT as in meeting the people with it I have such a good chance to tell them of the message God has given us to tell. I have met with very dear people; for instance, just last evening our Bible reader had a study with a woman, who is a trained nurse, whom I met while I was out selling the dear old LIFE BOAT, and in talking about the war and the coming of Christ she became interested and is now obeying God and is soon to be baptized. She is such a bright jewel for the kingdom. So you see if I had not been out with THE LIFE BOAT I would not have found her.

"I could tell you of others. While I was in Hamilton just lately I sold THE LIFE BOAT to a woman who invited me to have lunch with her. This I did just before leaving the city and while we were talking she told me that THE LIFE BOAT was a nice little paper. She noticed her husband reading it and weeping while he was reading. So we do not know what good we are doing, but eternity will reveal it all."

## SWEET THOUGHTS

ROBERT HARE

Catch the sweet thoughts of home and of love,  
Thoughts that are rich and inspiring,  
Sweet as the flowers that bloom on the mead;  
Bright, and forever untiring!

'Round you they float in the sweet summer breeze,  
High in the starlights they glitter,  
Mirrored in waves or fast flowing tide,  
Cheering the soul that is bitter!

Catch the sweet thoughts of home and of love,  
They come in the shade of the gloaming,  
Bathing the soul in the perfume of peace  
While zephyr winds softly are roaming!

Purity lends them its garment of light,  
Sun-splendors robe them in beauty—  
Come spirit-thoughts from the far, far away,  
Bind me to love and to duty!

Brood o'er my weariness bringing sweet rest,  
Cheer all the shadings of sorrow!  
Help me to make some other heart glad,  
With hopes of a brighter tomorrow!

# EDITORIAL

## EDITORS:

Mary W. Paulson, M. D., Percy T. Magan, M. D.,  
D. H. Kress, M. D., Caroline Louise Clough

### THE COMING OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Ever since the appearance of the two angels in white apparel to the terror-stricken disciples on Mount Olivet after their Lord had left them and a cloud received him out of their sight, and the angels promised that "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1: 11), the true child of God has looked for that glad day when Jesus will be seen coming again in the clouds of heaven to take his children home.

There is probably more written and more said in the spiritual world to-day on the subject of our Lord's return than has been written or said in all the ages that have passed between that time and now. Why so? Because that message is due this world in these very days. Read 1 Thess. 4 and 2 Tim. 3; also Matt. 24.

C. G. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times* in his new book, "What is the Gospel?" has given one entire chapter to this theme. He says that this truth is one of the most practical truths in human life. It is not a doctrine of the Bible; it is the doctrine of the Bible."

As our world is more and more racked and torn by war, the Christian's hope becomes correspondingly more real. Are you daily cultivating the acquaintanceship of this blessed Saviour who alone is able to heal the wounds which sin has made and to redeem us from "this present evil world?" He has passed through a greater conflict than ever the armies of earth can engage in, and he came off victorious. He did it for you and he did it for me.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, cast off the works

of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." Rom. 13: 12. For "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Heb. 9: 28.

C. L. C.

### READY TO GO

The young men of our country have been called to register for service because their country needs them. A war is raging across the seas; the best of our manhood is needed to protect our liberty.

While awaiting their summons to go our boys get ready. They close up their busi-



From the *Sunday School Times*

ness or sell out, they adjust all their personal affairs and arrange for the proper care of their loved ones that they may be free to serve their country.

Does the Lord expect less of his soldiers? Are you dissatisfied with the progress you

have made in the Christian life? Has your life been anything but victory? Perhaps it is because you have not made a settlement of all your former personal affairs. You may be trying to be a soldier for Christ and still do the things you did before you enlisted (there is no drafted soldier in Christ's army). You may be trying to do "picket duty" and at the same time attend the theater or movie. You may be trying to shoot down the enemy without ammunition, simply because you continue to fill your mind with light reading rather than with God's word. Or perhaps you have wounded the heart of some loved one and have never made it right, and you are worrying about it.

Possibly you are trying to be a soldier without daily consulting your Captain. Our National Army could never hold together without the close and direct leadership of its officers. Neither can the army of God be effective without the personal connection with our captain through prayer.

Why not settle up all your affairs and get out of the training camp and into the front line trench? The Lord needs you in his army.

C. L. C.

### WHOM ARE YOU COPYING?

I am sitting in the waiting room of one of the large railway stations of Chicago. Across from me there stand two automatic correct weight machines. Many passengers are here, but for an hour no one thought about getting weighed. Finally one woman came in the door, stepped to the machine and weighed herself. Then followed one after another until practically all in the room had patronized the weighing machine.

We are all copying from each other. It is not always a safe thing to do for sometimes our best friends can lead us astray. But if we copy the Lord Jesus Christ we shall not go astray for he is our perfect pattern and example in all things.

C. L. C.

### A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER

A soldier boy from Texas writes this beautiful letter to his mother, from the battlefield of France. Our boys are making the sacrifice of their lives for this country, while the mothers with aching hearts are giving them up. Letters of this kind help to smooth the hard and lonely road which the mothers have to travel:

"France, May 12, 1918.—Mother My Dear: Today is Mothers' Day. General Pershing has suggested that every member of his command write a letter to his mother to-day just to remind our mothers that even though engaged in the grim job of war we haven't yet forgotten some of the finer instincts which our mothers have instilled into us.

"I believe our family is about as undemonstrative in showing their affections as any I have ever seen. We certainly don't wear our hearts on our sleeves, and we have always more or less kept to ourselves just what we have thought of each other. Maybe we have been even too reserved, but I don't think so. I don't believe there has ever been any family the members of which are more devoted to one another than ours; only we have been content simply to let the feeling exist and not be always telling each other about it. So I suppose we have never really told you just how much we love you, and how much we think of you for all you have ever done for us—those things which not one other woman in ten thousand could ever have done. Yours have been circumstances to face, situations to master, difficulties to overcome such as test the strongest mettle. You have met them. Where the ordinary woman would have surrendered herself in despair, you have met the situation bravely, hopefully, and full of confidence in yourself and in the future, and, as Kipling says, 'have so held on when there is nothing in you except the will which says to you, Hold on.' When we think that all the pain you have suffered, all the superhuman energy that you have expended, has all been for the sake of us, it makes us feel small and niggardly indeed to think of the slight recompense we have ever made to show our appreciation.

"And whether I ever come back or not (and I feel certain that I shall), I want you to

"It is in the mills of adversity that real grit is manufactured."

know at least once that I love you more than I can ever tell or show; and no matter what experiences may come to me in this great experience of experiences, I shall never lose sight of the beacon light of your wonderful example, and I shall try to carry in my heart the indelible stamp of mother's love."

### GENERAL BOOTH A VEGETARIAN

In a recent *Chicago Tribune*, Dr. W. A. Evans gives by request the diet of the late General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. While a strict vegetarian, yet General Booth on that diet was able to build up one of the largest Christian organizations in the world for the salvation of the lower classes. His diet was simply this:

"The general's requirements are very simple as far as his diet is concerned. He is, as you may possibly know, a vegetarian, and does not take fish, flesh or fowl in any form.

"He usually has a little dry toast and butter with strong tea and hot milk in the morning.

"A little vegetable soup and such vegetables as may be on the table for lunch.

"After his afternoon meeting he takes tea and toast with occasionally an egg or mushrooms.

"While for supper a little bread and butter and hot milk are acceptable."

### FROM A LIFE BOAT READER

"I enjoy reading *THE LIFE BOAT*, and when through with it I have been sending it to a young man in the penitentiary in Boise, Idaho, requesting him to pass it on when he had read it. I wish you could read the letter he wrote to me. He said he never has read such good reading before, and it made him want to be better. He had thought of all the evil things he had done in his life, and was sorry for them, and would live a different life henceforth. He was so glad I wrote to him and sent the papers and said he was going to join the church when freed from prison.

"Time is so short and we must all redeem the time because the days are evil. Sin abounds on every hand and it is appalling to know that people are going so swiftly to destruction. Surely Sodom could not equal conditions found everywhere in these times, and our hearts cry and sigh for the

abomination done in the land. May we hasten to help finish the work that the Lord may come quickly and gather his children home."

### NEWS HERE AND THERE

Dr. W. R. McGuffin of Joliet was a guest at Hinsdale recently.

Mr. Loyal G. Minier of New York City, who is connected with the Army Y. M. C. A., visited the Sanitarium with his wife recently.

The Sanitarium has recently purchased a new grand piano for the main parlor.

Dr. H. C. Nelson from Portland, Oregon, has recently arrived and taken the place on the medical staff made vacant by the departure of Doctor Wolfson, who has taken up work in Boulder, Colorado.

Dr. F. Burton Jones and Mr. and Mrs. H. Walton of St. Helena, California, were recent callers at the Sanitarium.

Mrs. C. L. Clough visited the Indiana camp meeting at Frankfort recently.

Prof. and Mrs. J. G. Lamson of Indianapolis called recently while touring through to Michigan.

Miss Lucile Mallory of Holland, Mich., called recently while passing through Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Meeker, Hongkong, China, are spending a few weeks at the Sanitarium.

Mr. Julius Paulson and family and Dr. Mary Paulson are enjoying a three weeks' vacation touring through Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Miss Emma Pardon of Albany, N. Y., is spending a few weeks visiting Mrs. W. H. Wild.

Dr. D. H. Kress of Washington, D. C., called while en route to Keene, Texas.

The sanitarium is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. D. Clark, who is acting as desk and rooming clerk. Mr. Clark brings to his work years of experience in this line of work.

The appearance of the sanitarium is being much improved by a new coat of paint. The patronage exceeds any previous record.

They who run after the world cannot walk with God.

# The Life Boat

An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to  
Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and  
Soul-Winning Work

Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the P. O.  
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promptly.

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When writing to have the address of the Life  
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well as the new one.

## Mistakes

The publishers of The Life Boat will be pleased  
to have their attention called to any mistakes that  
may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

## Premiums

The attention of our readers is invited to our  
valuable premium offers. We are constantly in  
receipt of most appreciative letters from those who  
have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

## Rates for Advertising

Full page, single issue, \$20; three month, \$50.

Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.

One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

## Life Boat Magazine Agencies in Chicago

The Life Boat magazine can be secured in quan-  
tities at wholesale rates from the following agencies  
in the city of Chicago:

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage  
Grove Avenue. Phone Douglas 6743.  
Illinois Tract Society, 116 North California Ave-  
nue. Phone Garfield 8361.

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tunity for young women desiring employ-  
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Sells for ten cents, costs five cents. Send for

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various lines of helpful work that God has  
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to assist us send the money directly to head-  
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# A New Plan for Securing Subscriptions

For the convenience of our LIFE BOAT workers and other friends of the work, we are now issuing a subscription card which simplifies the problem of securing subscriptions and makes it safe for the subscriber and the agent. The card reads as follows:

## THE LIFE BOAT PUBLISHING COMPANY

Hinsdale, Ill.

This is to certify that ONE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION to THE LIFE BOAT has been PAID IN FULL, and on receipt of this card the name written below will be entered on our list.

.....  
Manager.

## THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please enter my name on your subscription list for one year, for which I have paid your agent, Mr. ....  
the sum of one dollar.

Name ..... No.   
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This, when properly numbered and signed by the manager, will be honored at THE LIFE BOAT office as one yearly subscription. These cards are convenient to carry and can be sold at a dollar apiece. Why not order a few to have on hand? Special rates will be given to those ordering two or more cards. If you are a hustler or want to be, write us at once for our rates to agents and for subscription cards.

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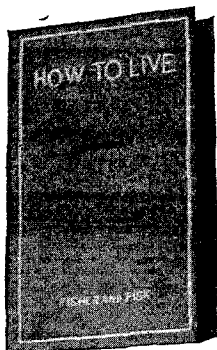
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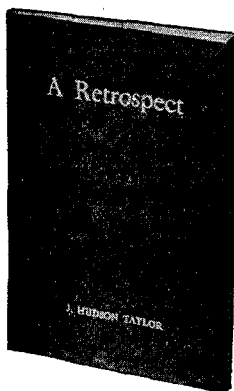
## "How to Live, or Rules for Healthful Living, Based on Modern Science"



By Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University, and Dr. Eugene L. Fisk. Hon. William Howard Taft, formerly President of the United States, has written the foreword and in fact has edited the entire work. We quote the following from the Preface: "A sad commentary on the low health ideals which now exist is that to most people the expression 'to keep well' means no more than to keep out of a sick bed." This book has a splendid chapter on air, another one on food, another one on poisons, such as those due to constipation and those due to infected teeth, etc. A chapter on exercise, one on hygiene; a chapter containing the last word on alcohol and on tobacco, and how to avoid colds; signs of the increase of degenerate diseases, etc. By special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this book as a premium for one new subscription and 25 cents additional. Induce some one to subscribe for The Life Boat the coming year and receive this most excellent book.

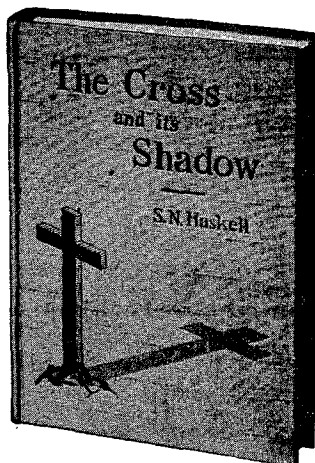
## The Cross and Its Shadow

A new book by S. N. Haskell. This book presents the whole Old Testament sanctuary service in a new and living setting. The sacrifice of Christ for us is beautifully portrayed on every page. This book is a marvelous inspiration to a holy life and should be in every home. It contains 388 pages, 50 chapters and 218 illustrations, and will be given absolutely free for only two subscriptions to The Life Boat. Take advantage of this offer while it lasts.



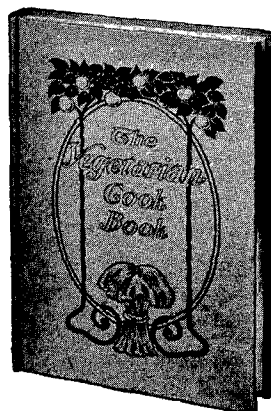
## A Retrospect

This book by J. Hudson Taylor is one of the most thrilling and inspiring books on the market today. We have sold nearly 4,000 of them. Should be read by every young person who desires to be of some use in the world. This red, paper-covered edition can be furnished with one subscription to The Life Boat at one dollar.



## Pastor Hsi

This charming book, "Pastor Hsi," by Mrs. Howard Taylor, daughter-in-law of the late J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, has found such a warm reception by The Life Boat readers everywhere that we are offering it again this year. The author gives in a most fascinating manner the remarkable story of the life work of Pastor Hsi, the man who, after his wonderful conversion from heathenism, founded more than forty medical missionary centers in the province of Shan-Si. His remarkable faith and power in prayer has brought his work to the attention of the entire Christian world today. This book is an inspiration, and you can have it by sending us one dollar for your subscription to The Life Boat for one year.

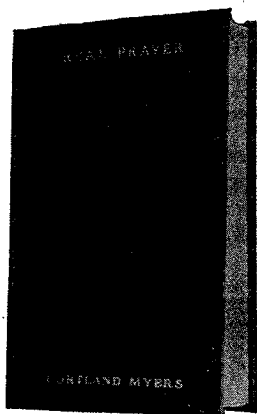


## The Vegetarian Cook Book

should be in every Life Boat reader's home. It is a splendid compilation of valuable recipes for a sane and sensible dietary. If you want to learn how to cook for health and not for drunkenness send us \$1.35 for The Life Boat for one year and this useful book. This is an unusual offer.



## Real Prayer



By Courtland Meyers. A most inspiring book on prayer. It will make you hungry for a personal experience in the power of prayer. This book will be sent you for only one subscription and fifteen cents. Send us \$1.15 and receive The Life Boat for one whole year and this splendid book.



## A New Webster's Pocket Dictionary

for only one subscription or renewal at one dollar. This book is really five books in one. It is not only a dictionary but a complete parliamentary manual, a rapid calculator, a compendium in business and social forms, a letter writer and literary guide, and a pronouncing and statistical gazetteer of the world. Everyone should possess a copy of this handy booklet; bound in morocco and stamped in gold.

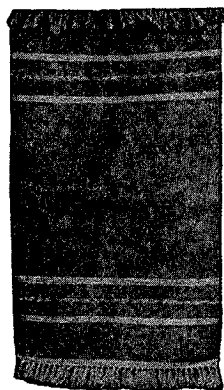
## A Fountain Pen

for only one yearly subscription at one dollar and 25 cents extra. Every pen is guaranteed 14-carat solid gold and will do good service. This is your opportunity to receive a good fountain pen for a quarter and only a few moments of your time in securing the subscription.



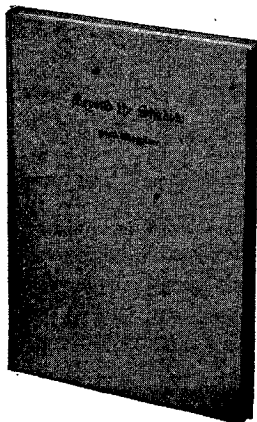
## A Beautiful Rescue Home Rug

24 x 52 inches, made from high quality new material which will not fade and is guaranteed to give excellent service, given for only two subscriptions at one dollar each and 25 cents extra.



## Beyond the Shadow

Pearl Waggoner Howard, The Life Boat poet, has collected some of her best poems and published them in book form. The book contains ninety-six pages. We will send the cloth binding free with two subscriptions to The Life Boat at one dollar each or a paper-covered copy for only one subscription. Subscribe now—before you forget it.



## Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch

free with eleven yearly subscriptions and one dollar extra. This is a seven-jeweled watch, gold-filled, with a ten-year guaranteed case and beautiful design. We have placed hundreds of these watches where they are giving the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch. Send us eleven yearly subscriptions and twelve dollars cash and receive this watch.



# The Life Boat Practical Health Specialties

From time to time our friends write us that they find it difficult to carry out some of our health suggestions because they can not readily procure in their own neighborhoods what we recommend. To accommodate such we have undertaken to carry these things in stock and send them to our readers everywhere by parcel post, express or freight.

## PRACTICAL HEALTH SPECIALTY No. 1.

### Natural Rice.

Eleven-twelfths of all the mineral that God put into rice is scoured off to produce the polished product that is ordinarily eaten. What is more important, the "vitamines," the lack of which, when people are fed on rice exclusively, produces beri-beri, scurvy and perhaps favors pellagra, are also contained in the covering of the rice. But people are so used to the inferior product that grocers do not ordinarily have natural brown rice in stock. We handle the genuine article. Price, fifteen cents per pound. Transportation additional.

NOTE.—Natural rice requires more cooking than the scoured variety, but it is worth more.

## PRACTICAL HEALTH SPECIALTY No. 2.

### Genuine Graham Flour.

The white flour on the market today has been over-processed by the steel roller milling methods, and, like the polished rice, it has been largely deprived of some of its most valuable ingredients, such as the germ, its most valuable mineral salts, and vitamins. In our vicinity there is an old mill which still grinds wheat with the old-fashioned stone burrs of our childhood days, and for the accommodation of our readers we will furnish this flour in hundred pound lots for \$7.50. Freight charges additional.

## PRACTICAL HEALTH SPECIALTY No. 3.

### Liquid Paraffin.

Stagnation of the bowels is the most common disorder among civilized nations and is perhaps by far the most common cause of our various chronic diseases. These diseases are not readily cured for the simple reason that the real cause is not removed. The laxative drug habit is the most common drug habit among mankind. Every remedy of this kind sooner or later loses its effect and, unfortunately, in every instance does the system more or less harm. Bulky food, plenty of green garden truck, and an abundance of fruit will relieve many of these cases. But some cases have such a tendency to hyperacidity and to intestinal irritation that the liberal use of these things actually seems to aggravate the condition.

Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil it is not absorbed by the body. It merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect safety as it does not create any laxative habit. The dose is from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls three or four times a day as may be necessary. It can be procured in any town, but by buying it in large quantities we are able to furnish it to our readers at about one-half the prevailing retail price.

### Prices

1 Pint .....	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
1 Quart .....	.75	Shipping weight.....	4 lbs.
2 Quarts .....	1.25	Shipping weight.....	6 lbs.
1 Gallon .....	2.00	Shipping weight.....	10 lbs.

It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

## HEALTH SPECIALTY No. 4.

### A New Health Garment.

So many inquiries are constantly coming to us regarding how to dress healthfully that we have decided to carry in stock a health garment that we can fully recommend. We would direct the attention of our readers to the notice on another page about the Patricia Health Garment.

THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

# THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



Physicians, pastors and other workers are constantly perplexed as to how to properly extend a helping hand to the unfortunate girl. To meet this pressing need the charitable public assisted in erecting this splendid eleven thousand dollar institution and it was dedicated July 25, 1909, Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court giving the principal address.

During the past eight years hundreds of girls have been sheltered in this Home. They have been carried through the saddest chapter of their lives. More than half the girls who come do not have a dollar, but they are received just the same.

The institution has no endowment and beyond the mere pittance that some of the girls are able to pay, it is entirely dependent upon the generosity of those who become interested in its work.

## **Are You Contemplating Making Your Will?**

Have you some means to be used in the Master's work after you are dead and gone? Have you observed how frequently relatives or unscrupulous lawyers have succeeded in absolutely defeating the will and intentions of the donor? There is a better way:

## **Why Not Be Your Own Executor?**

Give your property while you are alive, to the work that you desire and receive a fixed income or annuity on the same each year as long as you live. In this way you know that your property will not be frittered away from you so that you will have no support in your old age, and this annuity contract becomes immediately effective at your death. No one can change it in any manner.

In either case will you not generously remember the Life Boat Rescue Home?

If you are interested in this matter write us and we will give you further suggestions and information regarding this annuity plan that so many sensible people are adopting.

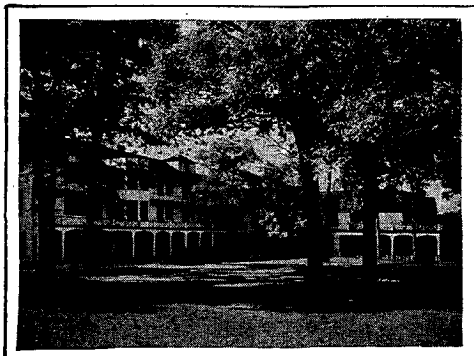
For those who desire to remember this institution in their wills we give herewith a proper legal form for a bequest.

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Rescue Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of.....

.....dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation."

**Address: The Life Boat Rescue Home Hinsdale, Illinois**

# VISIT HINSDALE FIRST



*The Main Building*

A suburb of Chicago—trains every few minutes—fifty trains a day.

Sixteen acres of virgin forests, fruit orchard, cottages, lawns, shady walks, lawn tennis court.

A work cure department.

Musical entertainments and lectures.

No experiments or medical fads. Common-sense, honest treatment.

Electric light, private telephones in each room, a beautiful outlook from every window.



*The Main Parlor*

## Let Us Send You Our Booklet “Visit Hinsdale First”

It is completely descriptive and beautifully illustrated. Once you read this book and note the location, the charm of Hinsdale and the ability of this institution to benefit the sick, you will realize that we offer you every possible means of restoring your health and of becoming completely rested, among surroundings that are ideal. Write for booklet today. It is free. Address

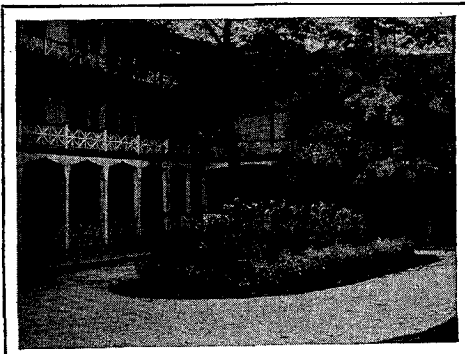
**The Hinsdale Sanitarium**

Phone  
Hinsdale 645

**Hinsdale, Ill.**

## *Endowed by Nature Equipped by Science*

*Do not go abroad for what you have at home. Were it possible for you to see Hinsdale as it is, you would come. So pleasant as to attract many guests who have no ailment. Patients are kept so busy getting well that they have practically no time to worry over their troubles. Pleasant, refined associates. Rates as low as ordinary hotel. Atmosphere delightfully different.*



*The Driveway*

Open air treatment, Swedish movements, hydrotherapy, electric light baths and electrical treatments, massage, scientific dietetics, sun baths, the work cure, and sensible health culture, cure thousands of invalids when ordinary means fail.

You will find any of these treatments not only beneficial but delightful and refreshing. We do not countenance routine of baths, the heroic reducing idea nor the starvation cure. Every case is decided on its own merits and treated accordingly. We rely on substantial, simple methods, offer all these features to be rationally enjoyed.



*A Glimpse of the Lawn*